THIS UNCERTAIN WORLD.

THE STORY OF TEDDY OGRADYS

A CHRISTMAS TALE. Written for The Tribung

PURNISHING UNDOUBTED EVIDENCE THAT HE IS THERE.

" And there you have him!" said Mr. Badger,

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed Old Muggleby.
"He! he! he!" laughed Young Muggleby. "Capital !" said Old Muggleby.

"Couldn't be better!" said Young Muggleby. " But the law, my dear sirs," said Mr. Badger, "the law, which is the terror of the great and the protection of the lowly-the law must be carefully observed." Bah !" said Old Muggleby. "Pooh!" said Young Muggleby.

"That's all right, gentlemen," said Mr. Badger, "It's easy enough to say 'bah?' and 'pooh?' But you forget that the law is no respecter of persons. It ought to be, but it ain't. It's quite as likely to take the just as the unjust. That, gentlemen, is the significance of the well-known symbolic figure of Justice with her eyes bandaged and her blade un-

sheathed. Nothing is more—"
"liadger," said Old Muggleby, "this ain't a caucus." "Pardon me, gentlemen, if I digress. I merely designed to show that the legal formalities must be given due attention. Have I made myself clear?"

Perfectly," said Old Muggleby.

"Clear as a whistle," said Young Muggleby. "I hope I have, gentlemen," said Mr. Badger, "I hope I have. Throughout the delincation of this carefully laid scheme I have constantly endeavored to be explicit. But if so be as I have failed in this essential particular"-and Mr. Badger glanced significantly at the closet-" a drop of brandy with a leetle

"No, no; you're clear enough," said Old Muggleby, "That, as I have said, was my earnest effort," continued Mr. Badger, gazing dreamily at the closet. " But ideas, like dough in the good wife's baking pan, are always liable to stick. If so be as I have not made

myself entirely plain, then—"
Old Muggleby sighed. "Fetch the bottle, Peter," he said.

Thankee, Friend Muggleby," Mr. Badger proceed-"There's nothing like a drop of brandy with a lectle soda for loosening such ideas as are prone to stick in the recesses of the mind. Ah. Peter-there, there, lad; don't drown the flavor, Peter. Muggleby, here's luck!" Mr. Badger drained the glass, heaved a long, contented sigh, gazed in profound contemplation into the tumbler's empty depth and set i

The plan, as I have sketched it out," continued Mr. Radger, "leaves no loophole through which the

"Us, you mean," suggested Old Muggleby. Mr. Badg'r coughed, and brushed aside a persistent

fly which seemed determined to effect a permanent settlement on the end of his nose.

"You are fully satisfied, I suppose, that your nephew's patent is sure to prove valuable?" he asked. 'I guess I know what I'm about," replied the old man, confidently.

"We haven't been spending our money on the beggar for nothing," added his hopeful son. "Your advances already amount to a considerable

figure, as I understand it?" Old Muggleby groaned to think of it. Young Mug-

gleby was more to the point.
"I should say they did," he answered. "They nt to just twelve thousand five hindred dollars, and I was ass enough to give the poor devil three dellars and a half to pay his board with yesterday." "What are you throwing away your money for like snorted Old Muggleby.

"Well, I do feel ashamed of myself," said the young one, apologetically; "but I guess we'll get it back." "Oh, yes; it ain't lost," said Mr. Badger, making a desperate effort to catch the sprightly fly which was gayly promenading up and down his nose. think he'll object to execute the assignment?"

Let him object if he dare," snarled Old Muggleby. "We'll put the screws on mighty quick," added Young Muggleby.

No, no, no; that will never dof replied the law er, sharply. "You must not use force in obtaining e paper. That might imperil the whole scheme." "But suppose he kicks!" inquired the young man. yer, sharply. "You may as well understand right now that, fool as he is, he's not fool enough to give up his precious

patent without a struggle." There must be no struggle, I say," Mr. Badger earnestly replied. "You must decoy him into your trap," and as if to illustrate his point, he slyly raised

his conved hand and brought it gently down upon his nose, just in time to see the merry fly jump briskly off and perch upon his bald and shiny head. "I believe he still gets money from Tom Twitcher,"

suggested Young Muggleby. Does he?" snapped the old man, "well, I'll soon

put a stop to that."
"How!" demarded the young one. "I'll beggar 'em both!"

"No, no, guv'nor, that won't do. We've pulled Twitcher down as far as it's best to have him go

" Buh!" said Old Muggleby, centemptuously. " Pulled him down! Nonsense. He's living like a lord, he and that silly girl of his. They spend ten times as much money as I do and they owe no thousands. Every penny they fritter away is mine. Every furbelow and gimerack that feeds her vanity and every dollar he wastes on brats and beggars comes out of my I'm tired of it. I've stood it long enough. And if I find that he is supplying that scalawag with money to cheat me, I'll make short work of him."

Young Muggleby was not a pleasant man to look at. His cunning, cruel face did not admit of any agreeable expressions. If he smiled, he looked like a satyr. If he frowned, he looked like a devil. When he was pleased, you mightily wished he'd get in a passion. When he stormed, you almost preferred he should laugh. During his trate progenitor's last remark, Young Muggleby drew his penkulfe from his pocket and hacked the chair he sat on, occasionally glancing up coldly. Then he slowly replied, punctuating each word with a vindictive cut into the inoffensive chair.

"Guv'nor," he said, "what you say may be true en algh I don't deny a wird of it. But at the same time, it doesn't just suit my plans to have you squeeze Tom Twitcher any more just now."

"Oh, it don't, eh?" retorted the old man, sareastically. "Since when did you come to have plans of your own, young man?"

"I'm not as old as you, that's a fact, Guv'nor, and perhaps I'm not as ugly. But I know what I want, and I'm not going to be cheated out of it just to gratify

"Gentlemen," interrupted Mr. Badger, who had been much disturbed at the turn affairs had taken, " let us have peace. In the words of-er-of, er-an im mortal poet, let us have peace. Let us be persuaded that all our interests lie in the same direction. United we stand, divided we fall. It won't do to quarrel over side issues. The prime business to which w must devote cur combined energies is to secure absolute possession of Harvey-I think his name is Har-

"Yes. Harvey Almond," said Young Muggleby, adding with a slight sneer, "my father's sister's son.

Old Muggleby grunted. Precisely," continued Mr. Badger, "of Harvey Almond's patent. We have made him large advances to enable him to develop his patent and to place it on the market. We have been generous and kind. have borne in mind that he is our nephew and our But he has proven ungrateful. He has thrown our money away. He has falled to develop his patent and he has overwhelmed himself in debt. interests are imperilled. The only means left us of getting our money back is by securing from him an assignment of his patent and by developing it our-That is a fair statement of the case, is it not, Friend Muggleby !"

Old Muggleby grunted again. To be sure," said Mr. Badger, looking down his nasal organ at the tormenting fly which, standing erect upon its hind legs, was craftily scratching its head and blandly winking at Mr. Badger, the embodiment of Indifference and ease_"to be sure. Now, suppose
he declines to make the assignment, what then !"

That's it," said Young Muggleby, "what then?" "I have the answer," replied Mr. Badger. He took the crumb of a cracker from a plate before him. Dipping his finger into the dregs of his wine-glass, he moistened the crumb with a drop of brandy and placed it invitingly on his nose. Poising his nose so that the crumb should not fall off, he sagely continued,

We must bait a trap for him." "D'ye mean to lend him more money?" asked the

old man, ominously shaking his head. "No, sir. Not

dime, not a plaguoy copper."
"Mugglety," said Badger, "new you really mustn't

be so headstrong, you really mustn't. You must be guided by counsel. What's counsel for, if you reject his advice even before he gives it? You must do as say, and must let him have at least ten thousand

Old Muggleby regarded his attorney with deristve curiosity. "You've lost your wits, Badger," he said. "Guv'nor," put in Young Muggleby, "Badger is right. Harvey won't assign his patent for nothing. He has already been offered enough for it to pay us what he owes us half a dozen times over. He is a good deal of a fool, but he is not such a hopeless idiot as to give us for nothing what offers him a modest fortune. We must make him believe that we are generous and friendly. Hanged if I don't think the offer of ten thousand would make the fresh youth propose to assign his patent as security. Besides, it won't b lost. If we had the patent now we should have to spend several times ten thousand getting it on the market, while a loan of that amount will be wholly insufficient for him, and only lead him into additional embarrassments that will hasten our success."

"You talk as slick as Badger," sneered Old Muggleby. "What's the use in my baiting the trap, as you call it, if Tom Twitcher is to let the rat out when he's caught, tell me that?"

"I was about to advert to that point," said Mr Badger. "Almond must not be allowed to have any other source of revenue except us. If he's getting money from Twitcher, it must be stopped."

"That's easy enough," Old Muggloby eagerly re joined. "The only piece of property Twitcher has left is covered by our mortgage. We can lay him on his back in a week." Young Muggleby began to back his chair again

"Guv'nor," he calmly replied, "I thought I said that Twitcher must be left alone."

"But-" began Mr. badger. "There's no ' but ' about it, Badger," Young Muggleby interrupted. "I have an especial interest in

"Have you !" demanded his father, sharply. "Well, so have I, and I'm afraid our interests clash." "Gentlemen, this is too bad," interposed Mr. Bad-

ger. "Now, really this won't do. You must fix this thing up." "I'm perfectly willing," said Young Muggleby, " and it ought not to be hard to fix. My interest in Twitcher

concerns his daughter Suc."
"What of her?" demanded the old man "I'm going to marry her, Guv'nor."
"You're a sickly fool, Peter, and I tell you I won't

have my plans interfered with. You can marry any hussy you please, but you shall keep your hands off my affairs." Young Muggleby's eyes were naturally green, but

now they turned into a dirty yellow. Still he kept his temper. He usually kept his temper. When his eyes were yellowest, his voice was smoothest.

"Guv'ner," he said, "suppose we compromise."

"That's it,"cried Mr. Badger, "that's the thing to do

-compromise." "I'm going to marry the girl whether you like or not; yes, whether she likes or not, and I'm bound to say that the idea has not seemed to strike her so favorably as one might expect. But marry ber I will. she is at present in entire ignorance of the business relations which her father has had with you. Even if you had not so completely blinded him, he would never have had the heart to acknowledge that it was his own brother-in-law and her uncle that had sucked his fortune all away. She only knows that it is gone, that somebody has taken about all there is to take. It will run dead against my scheme for you to such any You must stop. But I will see to it that not a dollar of what they have left, which isn't a good deal, you know, Guv'nor, shall go to Harvey. you that. Bait your trap. Capture your rat. I'll engage that Twitcher shall not set him free again.

"Good! good!" cried Mr. Badger. "Fairly spoken. Old Muggleby buried his chin in his shirt-front, gazed keenly at his son from the corners of his eyes, and cracked his finger joints in a thoughtful way. "Yes." he said at last, "fairly spoken. But you'll par watching. Peter. You're a smart chap, but

bear watching. Peter. You're a smart chap, but I've met lots of chaps who thought they were just as smart as you think you are. I'll take you at your word, and let old Twitcher alone. But I'll watch you, Peter, like a hawk, and if I catch you at any of your tricks"-and old Muggleby's voice sounded like the snap of a spring lock, "I'll clip your wings, Peter, now mark'ee that.'

Young Muggleby did not sit easily in his chair. "All right, Guy'nor," he said, "it's a go!"
"And now for Harvey Almond," continued the old

man. "Your plan is a good one, Radger. He shall have the money, and by Christmas time I'll have him. I owe him many an overdue grudge, and I'll pay 'em I'll get him, Hadger, and I'll hold him, hold him

hard and fast." Mr. Badger's face at this moment was grimly set. were fixed savagely on the unconscious fly playing merrily at hide and seek about his Suddenly his hand darted through the air, describing a parabola of the most perfect symmetry, and his fingers closed over the imprisoned fly. He fell back in his chair with a smile of supreme content, and murmured, "That's right, Muggleby, hold him fast,"

"So I will, Radger, and I'll squeeze him, too." Mr. Badger started. He looked anxiously at his " But don't be too fast, Muggleby." elinched hand. "Be sure he's there, before you boast too

"Well, but, he is there, ain't he?" asked Old Mug-

"There's no doubt about it, is there?" asked Young

Mr. Badger slowly opened his fist and took the fly between his thumb and forefinger.

"No, no, gentlemen," he answered, "not the least in the world. He's there! Your ungrateful nephew is already in our trap. He may be sharp-" The fly's great eyes were working nervously about.

"He may struggle hard to escape-" The fiv kicked vigorously

" But I've provided with such skill and care..."

The fly suddenly ceased moving. "That I'm just as sure of his annihilation as I am By a vigorous flank movement the fly jerked itself

out of its prison and alighted in triumph upon the lawyer's nose-" of anything in this uncertain world," concluded Mr. Badger.

II.

PRESENTING MR. TEDDY O'GRADY AND HIS REFORTS TO CONTROL AN IDFURIATED MARBLE PUSSY.

On the top floor of the Bullfrog Flats lived the Widow O'Grady, as plump and comfortable a widow as the Fourth Ward contained. Other widows there were, of course, with finer bonnets and gayer shawls but a bigger soul than the Widow O'Grady's and a kinder face for it to look through couldn't be found through all the length and breadth of the Fourth Ward.

The Widow O'Grady was the janitress of the Bullfrog Flats, and she fully appreciated the dignity of her office. The Builfrog Flats was no low-down tene ment. It was an apartment-house for ladies and gentlemen of "inexprissible character," as the Widow O'Grady herself said. It was no place "for Eye-

tallans and thaves." "Oi'll tell ye fwhat it is, Missus Hoolihan," said the Widow O'Grady to one of two lady friends who came in with her from market, "it's a sharp of Oi'm kapin' the tinants av this property."

"An' it's a sharp of ye nade to kape, Missus

"Thrue fur ye, Missus McCarty. Ol larnt a-many thing about that whin Oi was runnin' a boordin'-house That's a bizness that makes ye kape yer wits on tap. Of wint intil the boordin'-nouse bizness whin poor O'Grady died-ye niver kipt a boordin'-house, Missus Hoolihan ?"

"Hoolihan ain't dead yit, Missus O'Grady," stiffly replied Mrs. Hoolihan.

"Nor you, Missus McCarty?"

"Of didn't have toime, Missus O'Grady. Faith, me poor furst husband hadn't bin dacently waked before McCarty was at me. But it was to save me dead man's mimory that Oi consinted."

"That was it. Ye see, him an' McCarty had d'alin's, and he'd bin hangin' up his liquor in Mc-Carty's place, till fwhat wid the expinses av the wake, he owed McCarty over siventane dollars. An' afther the mass, rist his sowl, McCarty sez, sez he, a knalin' by me soide, 'Widdy,' sez he, 'Oi'll forgive him the money he owes me if ye'll say the word now. So Ot whispered back to him, 'McCarty,' sez I, 'yer a noble, ginerous man,' sez I, 'an' O'll not be un

grateful.' "Ye did well, Missus McCarty," replied the Widow O'Grady, sympathetically, "but sich illigant luck wasn't fer the loikes av me. Me ould man paid fer his liquor roight over the bar, an' Oi'm lift wid only

e consolashun av that b'ye, Teddy."
"Ah, but fwhat a b'ye Teddy is, Missus O'Grady!" " D'ye think so, Missus Hoolihan ?"

"So sassy wid his tongue!"

"Now, d'ye mane it, Missus McCarty?"
"An' so riddy wid his fist!" "G'long wid ye, Missus Hoolihan."

" An' so takin' wid the girruls i" "Ah, yer makin' fun av his ould mither, Missus McCarty."

"Divil a bit av it. There ain't a loikelier lad in the warrud than Tedoy O'Grady." D'ye moind the oi av him, Missus Hoolihan?"

"An' the big ways he's ketched from the politish uns, Missus McCarty." " He'll have as foine a place as McCarty's whin he

"An' if he ain't an Alderman be the day he's thirty

Of don't know the makin' av a great man."
"Ah, leddies, ye make me ould heart warm wid yet blarney, but Oi must say, if Oi sez it mesilf as

"Who's a better roight ter say it, Missus O'Grady? "That he's bin a good lad to his mither. Whist side av the coobboard, Missus Hoolihan? there's only wan pair o' legs that takes three shteps a toime av the shtairs av the Bullfrog Flats, and them's the legs av Teddy O'Grady, and OI niver lave timptashun in his way. That's the place, Missus Hoolihan, an' turn the button. Ah, Teddy, lad, fw'at brings ye here at this hour ?"

It was an odd parcel of humanity to whom this in quiry was addressed. Its slight, small, but wiry figare was clothed in the familiar uniform of the Dis trict Messenger boy. Its elbow had pushed wide th half-open door, and it stood upon the threshold with its hands in its pockets and its blue-cloth cap tipped back on its head over a shock of short, tangled, sandy red curls. Two queer little blue eyes shone brilliant ly out from under a high, clever-looking forehead. and below them the funniest little snub-nose perched as content as a freg on a log tuning his vesper lay-The snub-nose didn't seem to belong there especially. Any other kind of nose would have done just as well and aided just as effectively in the harmony of the But of all noses, that nose was the funniest and the sauciest, and the ways it had, th kinks it took, and the creases it developed excited the wonder, the envy and the admiration of every boy in the ward. Below it, two thick but honest-looking lips stretched far across the face, ending in two gay dimples which had been so often made that their im pressions were never lost. Over cheeks, chin, fore bead, nose, ears and all a galaxy of freekles, was be spangled, and the sum total, as it stood in the door way cheerfly grinning, was at once the pride and the scourge of the Bullfrog Flats, and the comfort, hope and loy of the Widow O'Grady !

"D'ye moind the toime o' day it is, Teddy?" repeated his mother. "Wot's de diff'rence?" said Teddy. "Ain't ye got

ple 1" Och, sure, the lad's a hungered ?" exclaimed Mrs

"Troth, it's worse'n that," said the widow, gloon "They make him worruk too hard." Ted ty grinned. "Dat's wot's de matter," he as

sented, cheerily. "Dem super blokes t'inks us boys is car ho'sses !" "Which kind av a bloke is a super bloke?" inquired

Mrs. Hoolthan, deeply mystified.
"He manes the superintindints which bosses the b'yes," explained the widow. "Sit roight down here,

Teddy, an' ate yer fill." Teddy sat, and slicing an ample quarter from the tin plate before him, he took it in both hands and attacked it with edifying energy. During one of the pauses necessary for an orderly mastication, he drew a handful of silver from his pocket and laid it down on the table

" Mom." he said. " ketch on ter dat." "It's a thrue word ye shpake, leddles," said the widow, as with one stroke she swept the coin into her the Vargin, it's a good siven dollars he's fetched for

"Come off, mom," said Teddy. "Dat boodle ain't fer deposit. I'm doin' de swell act now, and when dis ple is downed I'm goin' out ter buy flowers fer

"Will ye hear the loikes o' that !" exclaimed Mrs. McCarty. "Will ye make yer bow to the millionaire fw'at gives siven dollars for his shwatcheart's bokay? "lokay" exclaimed Teddy, contemptuously. "I ain't no flat. De dude what 'ud give his gal a bokay Sence de Prince er Wales went ter Missus Mackar's

gives cut flowers now, an' I gits my etiquette fresh from His Nibs." " Are ye harkin' to the b'ye, Mussus McCarty !" "Wid the manners av a Juke, Missus Hoolihan." "So fork over the tip, mom," said Teddy, rising,

kertilleon ain't no better'n a chump. De Prince on'y

"How did ye come by it, Teddy ?" "I bin doin' de clubs fer pull in a bloke wot's bin on a bat. De call come from his fader, an ole man till Chris'mus, an' he give me a han'ful of change. I took in all de swell places till I foun' him in a res taurant wid a girl. I sez, sez I, ' Is your name Cad boy!' sez L 'Wot you want ter know fer!' sez de girl. I seen dat he was a dead flat and dat she was squeezin' him, an' I soz, sez I, ' His Paw wants him, sez I. ' Aw, weally,' sez he, ' doothed shame! I won't go, now, I weally wont.' 'My instructions from yer ole man,' sez I, 'Is ter call de fust copper kin fin' and tell him ter pull in you an' dis sweet but errin' young woman wot's helpin' you ter spen' d morey yer snaked from de mantel-piece under de clock.' 'Willy,' sez de gal, 'I t'ink I mus' be goin'.
I didn't take no money,' sez he. 'Well, dat's wot ole man sez,' sez I. ' De money's gone, and he t'inks you tuk it and dat you are blowin' it in wid dis young 'oman. I tele him I didn't tink you was dat kin' of a gilly, but he said ter hev' de copper search you bofe.' De gal give me a good long lo an' den she sez, sez she, ' Good bye, Willy,' an' off she went. 'Now,' sez I, 'fer de arrest.' De dude was all struck in a heap. He dived down in his clo'es an' he give me anoder han'ful of change, and he sez. ser he, 'Don't call de perlice; I'll go right home ter Paw. I aln't stole no money.' So I called a cab and

tuk him home, and den de ole man gimme some more Dat's how I come by it." The ladies gazed with admiration upon Teddy, and indulged in glowing prophecies for his future. The ple had disappeared, and repossessing himself of his rize, Teddy moved toward the door, resisting every effort of his mother and her guests to discover direction of his intended courtesy. He hurried to a florist's and bought a basketful of roses, chrysanthe mums, dahlias and other fall flowers with which he returned to his mother's flats. The air of a gay Lotharlo pervated Teddy's swagger. He rang the first-floor bell and desired the girl who came to the door to offer "Mr. Teddy O'Grady's compliments to Miss Twitcher." Mr. Teddy O'Grady was ushered grandly into the parlor. The room was scantlly furnished with the relies of former elegance. Half a dozen fine oil portraits of dignified old gentlemen and superb old ladies bung on the wall. An easel bearing a pretty landscape stood near the window. A spinning wheel, an old plane, a small harp, a couple guitars and an antique mahogany desk were among the erticles of furniture which told a history of forme wealth and present privation. Teddy gazed at them all with admiration as he awaited Miss Twitcher's entrance. In a moment the portieres were drawn aside and a besatiful girl moved airly and gracefully into

She was beautiful-there was no mistake about that. There was majesty as well as daintiness about her full, shapely figure. Twenty-one years had given it strength and maturity. Her hair, a chestnut red, cov ered her fine, intelligent head profusely, and nestled about it in becoming curls and waves. Her complexion, pure as the starlight, had yet a soft, tinge. Harvey Almond called her "Russet," and when he did so a flame shone from her big brown eyes and its red reflection lit up her cheeks. The charm of charms about her was her refined, sensitive mouth. It completed a face in which a clever wit, a winsome beauty, a screne trustfulness and a perfect truth were as clearly as the colors in an autumn leaf And Young Muggleby said he should marry her

whether she would or not. As she advanced cordially to meet him, Mr. Teddy O'Grady rose and kicked his basket of flowers under his chair. Then he held out his hand and gallantly

" Helio !" "Good-morning, Teddy," said Miss Twitcher. "I'm really glad to see you." "No, are you?" answered Teddy. "Well, I'm derned

"Why, Teddy!" "Wot's come over ye?"
"You shouldn't talk like that." "Wot's the harm in being sweet on a-" "No, Teddy, that's very nice, but-"

glad of it, 'cause I'm awful sweet on you."

*Oh, yes, I know; yer agin sayin' dern." "Yes, Teddy, I have said so often." "Please ter 'scuse. I ain't swearin' 's much as I

use ter. I use ter could swear in Eyetalian," he added, proudly. "I've give that up. I'd give mos' anyt'ing up fer you. anyt'ing up fer you. See the flowers I've bringed. Get on ter dem. I'm de boss dude, hey?"

Miss Twitcher's eyes glowed with pleasure. She sprang forward and grasped the package containing he flowers eagerly, while she beamed on Teddy in a way that made him feel several feet taller and as grand as a lord. Then Miss Twitcher and he proceeded to arrange them in little vases with which they decorated the mantel-piece, the shelves and the brackets all over the room while Teddy recited a host of great adventures in the streets of New-York in which his pride and esentment played conspicuous parts, while she listened always with amusement, often with pity and sometimes with dismay.

A portiere was drawn aside upon this entertaining scene and an old man's voice called out feebly: " Will thee come hither, my daughter?"

Sue rose, and bidding her young friend wait, hastened to her father. Teddy entertained himself by gazing out of the window at a dog fight. The battle grew more and more animated and the boy more and more engrossed. He heard the hum of the voices beyond the portieres, but until Sue's agitated and more earnest tones fell upon his ear, he had no idea of the significance of the conversation. Then he walked up to the portieres and listened.

"I didn't expect my suit to be rejected in such disagreeable phrases, at all events," he heard a man's voice say with great bitterness. "I think you will discover that you have made a mistake."

"I doubt not, sir," Sue replied, "that your pursuit now will be as vindictive as it has already been odious, and that it will take every phase your active malice can suggest." "Don't, daughter, don't, I pray thee," the old man

"Why should I not speak freely, father !" she demanded. "You surely would not have me mar-ugh! I cannot say the word."

"Thee should not hurt his feelings, Susan."

" Feelings! He has none, sir." "Perhaps you do me injustice, my cousin," said Young Muggleby, calmly. "You have not seemed to perceive their tender nature. Perhaps you may be quicker to appreciate them when they take another

Mr. Teddy O'Grady began to feel his collar choke He was not used to wearing collars anyhow, and had only put this on in deference to Sue's timated prejudices. He wished now that he had left "I am quite prepared to take care of myself, sir,"

Miss Twitcher answered haughtily, " and if I am not, I think I still have enough friends left to insure my personal safety." Mr. Teddy O'Grady nodded his head approvingly

and proceeded to remove his confining collar. Young Muggleby smiled. "Don't be alarmed, fair cousin," he said. "I'm not going to hurt you. You know me better than to fancy that I could be so harsh and ungallant. Your father, here, my uncle, who will tell you now how truly I have always loved and hon-

"Thee has always seemed dutiful, Peter," said the

"I hope I have, sir-has done me the honor to favor my suit."
"Thee must not mistake me. I would not have my daughter belie her affections. I wished thee well, but

if she cannot meet thy love with hers-'His love !" she cried, with the keenest scorn. if he knew what the word meant ! Young Muggleby did love. Perhaps wildcats do.

who knows? His eyes became yellow, and the influence of their ugly gleam appeared to reach beyond the portieres. Mr. Teddy O'Grady looked about him, and perceiving a little marble pussy cat in front of the hall door near at hand, he felt its weight, and closing his fist over it, returned to his place behind the cur "You shall see if I know what hate means," said

Young Muggleby, after a moment's panse, in his id-"Do you threaten me, sir?" Sue exclaimed indig-

Something like a short, half smothered groan sounded from the sofa where the old man sat. Sue hastily Her father's face was white, his hands trembled, and his breath came haid. "Father?" she cried, "you are sick!"

With a sturdy effort he summoned back his energies,

and said, " No, child, no." He prieves that his daughter should be so wayward," sheered Young Muggleby. "He would have er more obedient to his will." Sue did not hear. She was standing by her father, lovingly stroking his thin, gray hair. But Mr. Teddy

O'Grady did hear, and it was only by a convulsive

grasp that he could retain centrol of the eager and sive marble pussy. "My consin." Young Muggleby continued, "I have promised myself to marry you, and I always keep my pledges at least, to myself. And now, I have some directions to give you, which I will specify while my uncle is here, that I may have the assistance of his

good offices in counselling you to obey them." Sue's face was aflame with anger, and so was Mr. Teddy O'Grady's. "Of course," proceeded Young Muggleby, with indesigning you for my own wife, I cannot be pleased that you suffer others to impose their unwelcome attentions upon you. I should be glad, therefore, to have you see as little as possible of Mr. Harvey Almond."

This was more than Sue could stand. "Go, sir:" she said, furiously. "Leave the room;" "Of course, if my instructions are disobeyed," he went placidly on while his yellow eyes assumed their cruellest hue, "I shall have need to enforce them by an appeal to your father."

There was no mistaking the long, low, despairing groan that came from the sofa now. "In heaven's name, I beg you, leave us, str." Su plead, her manner changing completely as she looked

upon the fallen figure at her side. " My father is ill. If you have any mercy-"I may even need, I say to speak with Mr. Almond himself about it. I think he will be entirely open to argument. He may at this moment be deceiving him-

self with the notion that he loves you. He may even have been weak enough to tell you so, but-Young Muggleby did not conclude his sentence. The infurtated marble pussy which up to this moment Mr. Teddy O'Grady by superhuman exertions had managed to hold, now flew from his hand and caught Young Muggleby in the pit of his stomach. He fell incontinently on the floor, and Teddy, apparently infected with the marble pussy's own demoniacal spirit, parted the curtains, rushed into the room, and grasping a chair proceeded to belabor Young Muggleby's prostrate body while he addressed such remarks as these to his

"Scoot! gol-darn ye! D'ye want yer derned head busted? Git out! W'y don't yer git up an' put a nove on? Mebbe yer wants ter fight? 'nuff blokes like you ter fill de Battery! Git out !" and throwing open the door, Teddy clutched the the brutsed and all but unconscious Young Muggleby and deliberately slid him downstairs. Then, picking up his cap, he turned to Miss Twitcher, amazed but most effectively delivered, said with supreme con tempt, "Dat feller ain't no good! Ef he comes bodderin' 'roun' yere enny more, jis' you let me know an I'll turn de hull ward loose on him !"

THE SEAT IN THE SWING IS EMPTY AND SOMEBODY

CALLS. Teddy's manners were not wholly picked up in the treet. There was a certain delicacy of s about him, possibly inherited from his kindly Irish mother, which enabled him to see that he would bet ter cut his visit short. Miss Twitcher extended her hand to him, and he grasped it ardently and held it for full a minute. Then he went into the parlor and secured his collar. He adjusted it and started for the loor, but an idea striking him, he returned to the por tieres separating the parlor from the room in which was endeavoring to soothe and comfort her ex-Sticking his head through the curtains he caught Miss Twitcher's attention and called her to

"Now, looker yere," he said, in reassuring tones, " Dey ain't no use yer worryin' 'bout dat chump. I'm right on ter him, an' I got a pull en de perliceman on dis block. I'll tell him ter keep his eye peeled fer de bloke an' run him in ef he ever comes nosin' 'round de Bullfrog Flats agin. As fer de odder one, ef you're

goin' ter have no bloody gilly sayin' who shell come

ter dese flats an' who sha'n't. My mudder's de janitor, an' de man wot owns 'em 's a good frien' er mine. W'y, he's t'inkin' 'bout puttin' up a buildin' down in Wall Street nex' spring, an' of he does, I'm er goin' ter run de elevater." Teddy waited a moment until this evidence of his patron's unlimited confidence could work its full effect upon Miss Twitcher's mind, and then he added, "I reckon I knows who's got de right

er way in dese flats." The noise of a considerable commotion in the hall below sounded in their ears. Teddy waved Miss Twitcher a parting salute and hurried downstairs. At the foot of the steps lay Young Muggleby meaning faintly. A policeman was bending over him, and standing near was a great, ruffianly-looking fellow with feroclous eyes and a bristling red beard. He was fastening around his neck a peddler's tray. It had evidently slipped its moorings and fallen to the floor, where its recent contents, collar-buttons, cuff-buttons, knives, scissors, suspenders soap, and an infinite variety of other articles lay about in confusion.

Teddy's eyes rather twinkled as he surveyed the

"Faith, it's the divil's own job this rid haythen's bin up to, Teddy," was the answer. "It shtrikes me wid dape admirashun. In broad daylight an' on Officer William McCafferty's bate, a gintleman of aristho cratic driss, wid a full purse an' a gold watch an' chain, walks quietly downstairs in the Bullfrog Flats. All onbeknownst to him, this rid-bidded Shayny shieps up behoind 'im, hits him a whack wid a shtick, pounds the brith out av 'im, an' thin quietly prosades to make way wid his belongin's. Misther McCafferty, who was shtandin' beyant the corner, hears the muss an' comes runnin' up, an' whin he shteps intil the hall he sees this varmillyon Shayny shtuffin' his pockets wid the gintlemin's watch an' purse. Be dad, the loikes av that rid divil's chake Oi niver see Teddy. Fer whin I kim up an' nabbed 'im, damme if he didn't purtind ter live in the flats here wid year all An' the lies he towld! He sez, sez he, ' I wasn't takin' his vallybies,' sez he, 'he was that way whin Of kim in,' sez he, ' an' Of was on'y thryin' fer to see fw'at allt 'im,' sez he. These Shaynies kin lie loike parrots. He took me brith away."

Teddy received this statement with a droll grin. "Come off, Billy," he said. "Yer all wrong. I know de Sheeny. He's all O. K. He didn't do de man up. done him up myself."

" Hey ?" "Dey ain't nuthin' de matter wid him, nohow, 'ceppin' dat I knocked de win' outen him wid a stone. He was too fresh to a young woman upstairs an' I took him in de stummick wid a bit o' marble and whaled him wid a chair. Den I drug him outen de room an' slid him downstairs. Dat's all dey is to it. Yer wants ter call de amberlance and have him tuck ter de hosspital. See, he's gittin' his win' back a' ready." "Teddy," said the officer, dubiously, "whatever you

sez, goes. But ye ain't proved the Shayny's alibi yit. I seen him stowin' the gintleman's purse an' watch away in his clo'es." "Dey hadt fell out," explained the Jew. "I vash yust-"

" Dat's it !" said Teddy. " Billy, don't take him in.

I knows him. He ain't no t'ief. Ef you was ter come intil yer hall an' see a man layin' on de steps like dat, wouldn't yer take a look at him?" "Well, thin, clare out;" snapped the policeman with evident rejuctance, waving the fortorn Jew aside with his club. "Yez don't look honest and Ol on'y let up on ye on account av Teddy. Ol belave ye was nakin' off wid de swag jist the same. Go ring fer

the docthers, Teddy." " Dat's a good feller, Billy. I don't want de Sheeny pulled. Now, take a good look at dis chump layin yere, Billy. He's a hard lot, an' ef he don't keep uten dese flats he'll git done up fer good." " All roight, Teddy. Oi'll kape me of on 'im. Now,

lare out wid yez, fer all I kin soy is that I jist found im laying here." The Jew was evidently immensely relieved to find himself free. He finished collecting his scattered stock and hurried out. Teddy followed, and when he had rung for the ambulance he whistled to the peddler. "Max," said feddy, "I oughter let de copper nab

Max nodded a sullen assent. "Ye was loadin' yerse'f wid dat feller's t'ings, now, wasn't ye?"

"Dis makes de fift' time wot I've saved you from de coppers, Max. I done it 'cause I like yer, but yer gittin' pretty tough. Now, let up, Max, fer I ain't got no pull at de Tombs. Once ye gits dere, yer a one dog. I den't t'ink it's han'some w'en I give yer room in our flats fer to skin a man right in de hall. Now, was it. Max !" The uncouth Jew nodded penitentially.

"You vas a goot pay, Tetty," he said, "an' I vill alvays do yust vat you say." Then he slunk around "Grady held her persecutor did much to enable Miss witcher to recover her composure. The shock to her father, however, was severe, and she could only undertand it by supposing that he felt under obligations to Young Muggleby. Her imagination did not approach the whole truth, and not only on account of the old man's excited condition, but because of his natural reserve and childish ignorance concerning money mat-ters, she could not bring herself to ask him any ques-

tions. She drew a coverlet over him as he lay upon the sofa, and quieted him by the soft influence of her hand upon his brow. Soon his regular, easy breathing told her that he slept. Good, generous, tender hearted old man, thinking evil of none and taking all at their own estimate. Born to luxury and ease, equipped by nature and by training to grace, beautify and ennoble life, but lacking all

self-interest, slowly and sadly he wanders into his nely days haunted by the phantom of debt. While he was still sleeping the bell sounded, and that he might not be disturbed she closed the doors and went into the parlor. A straight, handsome young man with an open, ingemous face, stood just inside the room. His expression was so bright and happy

hat her own quickly caught its radiance. He took both her hands and shook them warmly. "Russet!" he cried, "congratulate me. I'm in famous luck." That's cheerful, Harvey, what has happened?"

"I've lost no time since it did happen in coming to tell you. I've just left my Uncle Muggleby." "And did that circumstance raise your spirits high water mark?" she asked, rather grimly Oh, come now, Russet, he isn't such a bad fellow at all. He's quite a generous man when you take him right. You don't know him as well as I." " He's as much my uncle as yours, Harvey, and-

"Yes, I know, though I never could make it out "Why, he married my father's sister." "Yes, and my father married his sister. Now, what does that make us I"

" Nothing but friends, of course. As I was saying ... "

"You were saying all sorts of things about Old Muggleby. Now, don't. Has he ever injured you ?" "Not that I know of." "Well, Russet, I know what people say, but people aboutnably. They lie about everybody. Muggleby is not a thing of beauty, I know, but he has his good points. He may at times be hard, but some people have to be handled very severely just to be I judge a man by what I see of him. To me Uncle Muggleby has been a benefactor, and at no time more than to day. I just this moment came from his office where of his own accord he offered me

" Did you accept the offer, Harvey? "Why, to be sure I did. It was done in a way that placed me under no particular obligation to him, except for the kind feeling that prompted him. I secured him well enough, and couldn't have done le

just what I required to complete the success of the

of course. Why, Russet, you don't seem to like it in " Harvey, I don't know anything about business, and even if I did, it wouldn't be my place to offer any opinions on what you do. If you think that Uncle Muggleby is honest and fair, you do right to defend him, but as for me. I hate and despise them both:" creat eyes glowing and her cheeks affame, she spoke

these strong and angry words.
"I have always hated them," she went on, "and I ent houses. I remember when I was a little child the "Oh, yer needn't min' me. I'm wid ye, Miss Sue, drop on tor dat—I'm right wid ye. As fer him, you jes' tell him ter come an spoon all he likes. I ain't father. In a week we moved from that house to an

grown to be quite a little girl when he came the seed ime, and I was sitting on the front door-steps with my governess, playing jacks. He walked up and one of them got under his foot, and he kicked all the stones off on the pavement. It was only a few weeks before we moved again. This time we went into the country. I had come to have a perfect dread of him, and

trembled every time I thought of his big green eyes. One morning when I woke up I saw from the dead oough of a linden tree, just outside of my window, black crow sitting with his head turned around over his body, looking right at me. I don't think I'm superstitious, Harvey, but I seemed to feel that my incle was coming. And sure enough, older and more evil than ever, he came that afternoon. He was with father a long while, and when he left I saw on father's face the first traces of that anxious, almost hopeless, look which has never been absent from it since. Mother died that winter, and in the spring we moved again. Our fortunes had taken a great drop. We went into a dark, dismal flat, where we were all cramped together in wretched little rooms and a musty atmosphere. My governess was gone. Our horses were sold. We had but one servant left, and she stayed only because she would not part from us. My old friends idly the stoop and the wrinkles of old age were overcoming my father's straight form and full, ruddy face. I had got so now that I could feel his coming for days before he appeared. The very air oppressed me. He visited us once in those flats. As ever before, it was the signal or the effect of new reverses, and then we moved here-among the outcast and the wretched. We can't fall further, but I dread his coming far more than ever. Father is old, Harvey, patient, it is true, but

he cannot endure much of re. He is getting sadder and more timid every day, and-" She stopped, for the tears were crowding into her big brown eyes. Harvey perceived the thought that brought them there, and with infinite tenderness and respect he took her hand and touched it with his lips. He had meant the kiss only as an expression of sym-pathy, but it acted like an electric flash on his ardent, mpulsive nature. He pressed her hand tightly and kissed it again, but even as he did so it grew limp and cold. He glanced at her face and dropped his eyes to the floor.

Russet was grieved and Harvey humiliated. She was a girl of instincts far too fine to admit of any such violent change of sentiment as his action invited. The language of the heart is not always to be put in To try it is to try to give form and shape to a perfume. It is too subtle to catch. He had hure The change in his touch was almost a suggestion that she had purposely worked upon his sympathies

Harvey plunged his hands into his trousers pockets and looked gloomily at his boots. Then he walked over to the window and gazed out at the cobble-stones. "Russet," he said at last, "If Uncle Muggleby is the man you take him to be, I shall be shocked and disappointed. Still, I am sorry you have not told me this before. I should not have accepted the offer he made me to-day. Not that I fear any harm he can do me. My patent is a success. But I never can think of him now without distrust. Why haven't you told me of this before, Russet? You and I have been friends . long while."

"I hate to think of them." "Them? You always couple them together. Now, I confess I dislike my cousin. I always did. Do you now why, Russet ?" "Well, his looks are enough."

"True; but they don't constitute my only cause of animosity. I owe him a grudge. It arose from a very simple thing, and I fear I'll only get a smile for my pains if I tell it." Don't be afraid." "Well, once when we were mere children, all of us, mean, you, and he and I, I asked you to swing with

me. You wouldn't do it. But that afternoon he offered you a peach, and you took it. Russet, never n all my life have I felt the spirit of Cain in me as I did at that moment, and I have never been able to get over it entirely." She didn't give him a smile for his pains. She nerely fingered the scarf about her neck. He came over from the window and took a chair near her.

And then there was a pause.
"Do you remember it, Russet!" "That must have been twelve or thirteen years ago,

and during all that time you and I have known each other well. It's a singular circumstance, Russet, but one which has been deeply impressed on my mind, that though you have never consented to swing with me, yet you have always accepted some other fellow's peaches." Then she did smile. "There," he said, "I knew it was coming."

I always have been." afraid of him. "But you haven't been afcald of all who have rought you peaches, Russet, while you have always turned away when I have pointed to the vacant seat in my swing."

"I didn't want his peach, Harvey. I guess I was

she jumped up from her chair "Isn't some one alling ?" she asked. "I didn't hear, but I suppose so. Somebody always does about this time." There was something bitter in his tone, and she sas

down again. "You don't think me unjust, do you, Harvey ?" 'No, only you don't seem to appreciate my swing. I know the rope isn't so strong as it might be. The board isn't handsome, and I haven't the sign of a ushlon to offer you. In fact, it's such a poor swing, Russet, that I own I have been timid about offering you the vacant seat. It is narrow, too, and if you tried it, you would have to crowd close to me, and maybe, hold tight with your arms about my neck to keep us both from falling out. I shouldn't mind that, Russet. It would give me nerve, and fire me with seal to work for a better one in which you could be more comfortable. But every time I try to forget how poor the swing really is, or to deceive myself with the happy fancy that, poor or not, you would be glad to come in it with me, then, Russet, somebody al-

ways calls." He didn't know whether she heard him or not, whether she was listening, for her face wore a distant look, and her eyes seemed to be plercing through the portieres that shut out the room beyond, and to be fixed on something there. "Is it so. Russet? Is somebody calling now?"
If she was beautiful before she was angelic now,

as she rose and took his hand and led him to the curtains. "Yes, Harvey," she said, "it is father calling. Look!" and she drew the curtain back. There, upon the sofa, the old man lay still sleeping. Against the dark, olive-colored wall the profile of his pallid, wasted face was drawn sharply. moved uneasily, and put his hand upon his head and

gave a sad, faint sigh. She dropped the curtain, and turning to Harvey threw her arms about his neck. "I love you, Harvey," she said, while that glow, that softest, tenderest, and fast fleeting tint that comes once, and once only to a maiden's cheek, lit up her pure face with its dainty radiance, "I love you, but father calls:"

RELATING TO THE QUEER IMMORTALS AND THEIS PATE AT THE CHRISTMAS TIME. Snow. Down, down, down it came, and down it had

seen coming all this blessed Christmas Eve. below, indoors and out, wherever its great flakes, as big as nickels, could find a nook or crevice in which to stow themselves, the cold swan's down had made its determined way. Oh, it meant no offence unless you did. If you didn't go to bothering it and trying to be poky and mean, it was just as soft and gentle as could be. It would creep up your window-panes, as sly as little mice, and nestle there just as much at home as if the windows had been made for it. Its merrier flakes-and there's the same difference between snowflakes at Christmas time that there is between people, precisely the same, if you only cultivate their individual acquaintance; some are cunning and some are gay, some are funny and some are grumpy, some are good and gentle and sweet, and some are nasty dogsteby is honest and fair, you do right to defend im, but as for me. I hate and despise them both:"
Harvey Almond looked at her curiously, as with her reat eyes glowing and her checks affame, she spoke hese strong and angry words.

Test on your nose, good Sir? While others, plague "I have always hated them," she went on, "and I take 'cm, rush savagely at you as if they were going thrink from them both as I would from a snake. I to tear your eyes right out whether or no, and scramcan't tell why. I don't know why, but I trace to them | ble viciously up your nostrils or down your ears like every misfortune that has come upon my father.
Harvey, since I was born we have lived in five differ-Not many people know about it (because not many people know how to know about it), but it's a face in Fifth ave. He came up into the library and I shivered when I saw his harsh, evil face, and climbed up given up to the fairies. You see, poor things, they've on earth for fairies when Christmas comes, because in her arms and we went out and left him alone with just before the Holy Day a wondrous celebration is held in Heaven at which the earth is blessed, and all other in Washington Square, not nearly so nice. I had the queer immortals age ordered away. There's n